

The Native American.

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NATIVE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Preamble and Constitution of the Native American Association of the United States.

Whereas it is an admitted fact that all Governments are not only capable, but bound by all the principles of national preservation, to govern their affairs by the agency of their own citizens, and we believe the republican form of our Government to be an object of fear and dislike to the advocates of monarchy in Europe, and for that reason, if for none other in order to preserve our institutions pure and unpoluted we are imperatively called upon to administer our peculiar system free of all foreign influence and interference. By admitting the stranger indiscriminately to the exercise of those high attributes which constitute the rights of the native born American citizen, we weaken the attachment of the native, and gain naught but the sordid allegiance of the foreigner. The rights of the American, which he holds under the Constitution of the Revolution, and exercised by him as the glorious prerogative of his birth, are calculated to stimulate to action, condense to strength, a cement in sentiment and patriotic sympathy.

Basing, then, the right and duty to confederate on these high truths, we profess no other object than the protection of our native country in all the walks of private honor, public credit, and national independence; and therefore we maintain the right, in its most extended form, of the native born American, and he only, to exercise the various duties incident to the ramifications of the laws, executive, legislative, or ministerial, from the highest to the lowest post of the Government—and to obtain this great end, we shall advocate the entire repeal of the naturalization laws by Congress. Aware that the Constitution forbids, and even if it did not, we have no wish to establish, *ex post facto* laws, the action we seek with regard to the laws of naturalization, is intended to act in a prospective character. We shall advocate equal liberty to all who were born equally free; to be so born, constitutes, when connected with moral qualities, in our minds, the aristocracy of human nature. Acting under these generic principles, we further hold that, to be a permanent people, we must be a united one, bound together by sympathies, the result of a common political organ; and to be national, we must cherish the Native American sentiment, to the entire and radical exclusion of foreign opinions and doctrines introduced by foreign paupers and European political adventurers. From Kings our gallant forefathers won their liberties—the slaves of Kings shall not win them back again.

Religiously entertaining these sentiments, we as solemnly believe that the day has arrived, when the Americans should unite as brothers to sustain the strength and purity of their political institutions. We have reached that critical period foreseen and prophesied by some of our clear-sighted apostles of freedom, when danger threatens from every ship that floats on the ocean to our shores—when every wind that blows wafts the ragged paupers to our cities, bearing in their own persons and characters the elements of degradation and disorder. To prevent these evils, we are now called upon to unite our energies. To fight over this great moral revolution, the shadow of our first revolt of glory, will be the duty of the sons of these wars, and we must go into the combat determined to abide by our country; to preserve her honor free from contagion; and her character as a separate people, high and above the engraftment of monarchical despotisms.

ARTICLES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

First. We bind ourselves to co-operate, by all lawful means, with our fellow native citizens in the United States to procure a repeal of the naturalization laws.

Second. We will use all proper and reasonable exertions to exclude foreigners from enjoying the emoluments or honors of office, whether under the General or State Government.

Third. That we will not hold him guiltless of his country's wrong, who, having the power, shall place a foreigner in office while there is a competent native willing to accept.

Fourth. That we will not, in any form or manner, connect ourselves with the general or local politics of the country, nor aid, nor be the means of aiding, the cause of any politician or party whatsoever, but will exclusively advocate, stand to, and be a separate and independent party of native Americans, for the cause of the country, and upon the principles as set forth in the above preamble and these articles.

Fifth. That we will not, in any manner whatever, connect ourselves, or be connected, with any religious sect or denomination: leaving every creed to its own strength, and every man untrammelled in his own faith; adhering, for ourselves, to the sole cause of the natives, the establishment of a national character, and the perpetuity of our institutions, through the means of our own countrymen.

Sixth. That this Association shall be connected with and form a part of such other societies throughout the United States as may now or hereafter be established on the principles of our political creed.

Seventh. That this Association shall be styled the "Native American Association of the United States."

Eighth. That the officers shall consist of a President, Vice President, Council of Three, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, a Committee on Addresses to consist of three members, a Treasurer, and such others as may be required under any by-laws hereafter adopted, and whose duties shall be therein defined.

Ninth. That all the foregoing officers shall be elected by this meeting, to serve for one year, except the Committee on Addresses, which shall be appointed by the President.

Tenth. That the President, or, in his absence, the Vice President, or, in the absence of both, the Corresponding or Recording Secretary, is authorized to convene a meeting of this Association whenever it may be deemed necessary.

NOTICE.—Native American Cause, and "The Native American" Newspaper.—The Native American Association of the United States, has been in existence nearly three years, and its members number upwards of eleven hundred out of two hundred of the Native citizens of the place.

Its objects are—
To Repeal the Laws of Naturalization; and
The establishment of a National Character, and the perpetuity of our institutions, through the means of our own countrymen.

A paper, called "The Native American," was commenced a few days after the organization of our Society, and has already near 1,000 subscribers. In many places, our doctrines have found ardent and able friends—but to accomplish our patriotic ends, so that we may rely upon ourselves for the blessings of peace, and in the perilous times, it will be necessary for all to take a part, and promptly separate the birthrights of our own People from the indelicate pretensions of the paupers and outcasts of the Old World.

We therefore invite our Countrymen throughout the Union, to form Auxiliary Associations, and to memorialize Congress for a Repeal of the Laws of Naturalization. Our newspaper is published weekly, at the price of two dollars and fifty cents per annum, payable in advance. We are of no party in Politics or Religion, but embrace men of all creeds and faiths.

Our motto is—Our Country, always right; but right or wrong, our Country.

As every man in the Union who loves the land of his birth is interested in the principles we advocate, we hope each one will voluntarily put forth his hand to help our honest labors, and occasionally cheer us with the cry of "God speed the cause."

News-papers of all parties throughout the country are requested to give this office a few insertions, and persons desirous of becoming subscribers, correspondents, or contributors to the paper, are requested to address JAMES C. DAVIS.

By order of the President and Council.
T. D. JONES,
Secretary of the Nat. Amer. Association of the U. S.,
Washington City, Feb. 12, 1840

POETRY.

For the Native American. TO MY SISTER.

My Sister! O, how sweet the sound!
It falls like music on my ear;
It sheds a hallowing influence round,
Which drives away dark, sad despair.
I love to dwell upon the name,
E'en in life's darkest, gloomiest hour,
'Tis sweeter than the voice of fame,
More lovely than the blooming flower.

While tossed upon life's troubled sea,
And angry billows rage and foam,
My sister, oft I think of thee,
And of our own dear native home.
When waves of trouble o'er me roll,
And clouds of sorrow gather o'er,
When anguish fills my troubled soul,
'Tis then I think of days of yore;—

(f those bright sunny hours, when we
Around our humble, peaceful home,
In childish innocence and glee,
Ofttimes o'er hill and dale would roam;
And pluck the lovely, blooming flower,
That shed their fragrance to the breeze;
Or while away the fleeting hours,
Beneath the widely spreading trees.

Although those sunny days have past,
And fate has called me far away;
Yet still, while memory shall last,
I oft on fancy's wings shall stray
Back to the scenes of childhood's hours,
I never, never can forget;
To those delightful, rosy bowers,
Where love and innocence oft met.

Affection drops the silent tear,
While memory brings the past to mind;
And love oft breathes a fervent prayer,
For her whom I have left behind:
For thee, my sister, yes, for thee
I often pray that Heaven may bless
Thy every act, that thine may be,
On earth, peace, joy and happiness.

Yes sister, my most fervent prayer
To heaven, is that thy life may be
As calm as when the summer air
Is sleeping on th' unruffled sea;
Bright as the sun's effulgent beam,
Sweet as the night-bird's merry song,
And peaceful as the gentle stream,
Winding its lonely way along.

Should pain or sorrow fill thy breast,
Or gloom and sadness gather round;
Should worldly cares thy peace molest,
Or disappointments weigh thee down;
May hope, the anchor of the soul,
Thy pathway strew with richest flowers,
Then, though the waves of sorrow roll,
Happy will be thy darkest hours.

May Heaven's most precious gifts be thine,
All springing from the fount of love;
May light celestial round thee shine,
To point thee to a rest above;
And when the things of time shall fade,
And death shall close thy sparkling eye,
O may thy spirit be conveyed
To that bright home beyond the sky.

GEORGETOWN, D. C.

J. W. L.

From the Evening Star.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Receive this bud, the Shepherd said,
And you will shortly see,
A beauteous rose of white and red,
Keep it awhile for me.
And guard it with the strictest care
If danger be discerned,
'Tis borrowed from a Garden, where
It soon must be returned.

The Shepherd then his journey took,
For he lives far away;
Saying you'll for my coming look,
And watch both night and day.
The bud was opening, fresh and large,
The sweetest in our power;
But we forgot our Shepherd's charge,
Delighted with the flower.

It seem'd in fact to be our own,
Its tints and its perfume;
And we forgot it was a loan
The owner would resume.
We watch'd not for his coming back,
But hoped he might delay;
Till like a thief he came, a lack!
And stole the flower away.

MISCELLANY.

TAR AND FEATHERS REVENGED.

Just before the breaking out of the revolution a man by the name of Ditson, belonging to Billerica, Massachusetts, was tarred and feathered by the British soldiers, under the command of lieutenant Nesbit. The British officers wished to prevent the Americans purchasing guns, and in order to furnish an opportunity to inflict punishment, and to raise occasion for a serious quarrel, a soldier was ordered to offer the countrymen an old rusty musket. Ditson caught at the bait, and purchased the gun for three dollars. He was thereupon seized, and after being confined in the guard house all night, was stripped entirely naked—and covered with tar and feathers, and in that condition paraded through the streets of Boston. The Yankees, however, began to collect in great numbers, and the military feeling for their own safety, dismissed the man and retreated to the barracks.

Thus far the incident is related by a contemporary historian. What follows we have from the lips of the old continental himself. Many a time and oft have we heard him relate the story, with clenched hands, and eyes flashing fire, and always with this ending: "But I had my revenge!"

When he was dismissed by the British, he called for his gun, which during the operation of tarring and feathering had been taken from him. "Take the gun and be d—d!" said the officer who had commanded the tarring and feathering party; "You'll be the last Yankee, I'll be sworn, who'll come here to purchase a musket."

"But not the last that will use one," said Ditson, as he grasped his musket—"and mark me, sir, I'll have my revenge."

"The cock is clear game," said the officer, turning to his companions with a laugh, "but he had better ruffle his feathers on his own dunghill!"

Ditson, by the aid of soap and warm water, got rid of his feathery coat; but the idea of the insult clung to his mind, burning deeper and deeper like the shirt of Nessus. He longed for an opportunity of revenge. It was the theme of his thoughts waking or sleeping. He dreamt of it by night—he pondered on the means of accomplishing it by day. But how was he to accomplish it?

An opportunity was not long wanting for that purpose. His country flew to arms to redress its public grievances; and he to revenge his private ones. As soon as he heard that the British had marched to Concord, he seized his rusty musket, and ran to the scene of action.

"What are you going to do?" said his neighbors, as they saw him unyoking his team in the middle of the field, at an unseasonable hour of the day.

"I'm going to pay the red coats for the tar and feathers," said Ditson, setting his teeth firmly together. "Come on, and you shall see sport."

"But you are not going to take that old rusty piece!" said one.

"But I am though," said Ditson; "I shall take none the worse sight for its being rusty." He hastened to the field of fight, and his neighbors went with him. Having selected the boughs of a thick tree by the way side, whither the Britons were on the retreat, he climbed into them, and there securely ensconced, and taking deliberate aim, every shot from the old rusty musket told.

"I aimed," said Ditson, particularly at the officers, and the first man I dropped was the commander of the tar kettle. That did me more good than the best dinner I ever ate in my life. "There!" I couldn't help exclaiming, "I told you I'd have my revenge!" Half a dozen shots were fired into the tree, but they were fired at random, for I was well secured in the boughs, and only two bullets went through my hat. My bosom felt lighter as soon as the officer fell. The tar seemed as it were to loosen from my skin, and I felt 50 per cent better. But still I had not completed my revenge. The tar had not all dropt off. It was there still in my imagination, and the feathers clung to it. The British would make a fighting cock of me, and I was determined they should feel the length of my spurs.

Ditson was again present at the battle of Bunker Hill, where he had an opportunity of using the old musket to still greater advantage than at the battle of Lexington. Reserving his fire, agreeably to the mode enjoined by Putnam, until he could see the enemies' eyes, he brought down his man at every shot, and several more, whose countenance he recollected as having belonged to those engaged in the tarring and feathering scrape, fell victims to the strength of his memory, the accuracy of his aim, and the sure fire of his rusty old piece. He was the last to leave the ditch—and when his powder and ball were expended, he fought like a tiger with the butt of his musket—and as he dashed it into the skull of two or three of the regulars in quick succession, he exclaimed, "That's to pay for the tar and feathers." He was at last wounded, and was with difficulty brought off by his companions. He suffered much in consequence—"but," as he used to exclaim in after years, "I didn't mind that—for I had my revenge."

He recovered from his wound, and fought all through the war—and although naturally brave and attached to his country, his courage and his patriotism were not a little stimulated by the remembrance of the tar and feathers. No single arm sent a greater number of the enemy to their final account. He at length saw his country free. Her injuries were redressed and so wore his own.

He lived to be an old man. Poverty visited his hut. Every thing that could be spared was sold, except the old musket. He would shoulder that.

"And show how fields were won." Then as his eye gleamed at the recollection of the never to be forgotten insult, he would exclaim, "It was all owing to that tar and feathers. But I had my revenge!"

"THEY."—A great many excellent people have had their worldly prospects entirely destroyed, and hundreds, nay thousands, have had their hearts wrung with anguish in consequence of the slanders of the family of 'they.' If a man repeats a slander in the street, and he is asked who told him so, his answer is 'They said so.' 'THEY' ought to be hooted out of society, for 'THEY' have done more mischief in the domestic and social circles, than any other family under heaven. How easy it is for a slander to be propagated, which perhaps may ruin a young man's prospects forever, and it must be borne in mind that 'THEY' are always implicitly believed. An example by way of illustration: a friend meets another in the street, and asks if he has seen Mr. Q. that morning. His answer is, no; that he heard that he had been gambling all night. The response is—it is impossible for he drank tea with me last evening, and did not leave until 10 o'clock; who told you so? 'They' told me so, is the answer; and as he desired a favor of me to day, I shall not grant it until I know the truth of the business, for I don't intend to assist gamblers. So poor Mr. Q. who had always borne a good character—who drank tea with his neighbor, and who on his return to his residence, retired to rest, and withal never saw a gambling table in his life, is branded with the title of gambler, because 'They' said so. A slander is like dust; it finds its way into the most remote recesses, and spreads like the clouds over the whole face of the heavens. We close this little essay by advising our readers to place very little or

no confidence in any story whose propagator is 'They.'

'They' should never be believed in religion, morals, politics, or in any matter pertaining to social life.—Southern Arg.

UNITED STATES AFFAIRS.—We have now the pleasure of laying before our readers the following valuable table, compiled with much care, expressly for the Register, by the same gentleman by whom the tables heretofore published by us respecting the committees of Congress and the election of Speaker of the House were all prepared.—Niles' Register.

Mr. Editor: The expenditures of the Indian department, including the Florida war, has long been a subject of animadversion. The following condensed statement, (which has cost some labor, time and patience,) may, perhaps, throw as much light on the subject as any that has appeared before the public; if you think so, it is at your disposal. Taken from the reports of the Hon. Levi Woodbury, Secretary of the U. S. treasury, as follows:

A comparative view of the expenditures of the Indian department for the last four years.

Expenditures for 1836.	
Repressing hostilities	1,440,566
Preventing hostilities	1,874,701
Suppressing hostilities	499,940
Militia and volunteers	131,236
Transportation expense	12,134
Exploring party	8,003
Locating reservations	5,054
Indian department	42,321
Education of Indians	25,189
Presents to Indians	5,183
Civilization of Indians	5,255
House for agent, smith shop, &c.	26,100
Removal of Indians	244,641
Indian annuities	366,748
Treaty with Cherokees	762,553
" " Ottawas	263,893
" " Caddoes	40,000
" " certain tribes	50,760
" " certain Indians	22,500
" " certain Indians	27,840
Pay of agents	15,199
Miscellaneous	38,083
	\$5,908,530

Expenditures for 1837.	
Preventing hostilities	4,010,162
Tennessee volunteers	239,066
Equipping militia	144,465
Pay of agents	2,302
Transportation expense	80,306
Exploring party	1,127
Locating reservations	2,942
Indian department	39,656
Education of Indians	5,529
Presents to Indians	11,350
Civilization of Indians	5,376
House for agent, smith shop, &c.	6,305
Removal of Indians	590,386
Indian annuities	20,875
Treaty with Cherokees	1,132,835
" " Potawatomies	101,313
" " Creeks	418,685
" " Menomones	290,870
" " Florida Indians	118,740
" " Sacs and Foxes	90,911
" " other tribes	434,196
Miscellaneous	22,350
	\$7,719,746

Expenditures for 1838.	
Preventing hostilities,	994,223
Pay of four thousand volunteers,	947,263
Equipping militia,	358,091
Forage for dragoons, officers, &c.	309,976
Transportation of supplies,	368,013
Freight into Florida,	203,450
Subsistence of militia,	185,234
Transporting 4,000 volunteers,	91,675
Corps of mechanics,	79,384
Wagons, carts, &c.	85,426
Miscellaneous charges,	457,290
Drafts laying over in Florida,	1,044,531
Removal of Indians,	251,124
Indian annuities,	62,000
Treaty with Cherokees,	870,137
" " Potawatomies,	122,817
" " Creeks,	282,374
" " Miamies,	97,120
" " Chippewas,	183,000
" " Siouxes, &c.	132,000
" " Winnebagoes,	214,860
Miscellaneous,	167,566
	\$7,506,856

Expenditures for 1839.	
Preventing hostilities,	24,966
Pay of four thousand volunteers,	123,283
Pay of Indian militia,	789
Forage for dragoons, officers, &c.	350,644
Transportation of supplies,	195,003
Freight into Florida,	127,531
Subsistence of militia,	20,444
Three vessels on Florida coast,	22,700
Corps of mechanics,	143,399
Wagons, carts, &c.	71,792
Miscellaneous charges,	123,806
Expense, distribution, &c.	26,902
Removal of Indians,	47,372
Indian annuities,	25,199
Treaty with Cherokees,	973,697
" " Potawatomies,	108,165
" " Creeks,	33,794
" " Miamies,	172,401
" " Chippewas,	84,712
" " Siouxes, &c.	143,787
" " Winnebagoes,	91,330
Miscellaneous,	368,784
	\$3,282,440

Recapitulation.	
1836,	\$5,908,530
1837,	7,719,746
1838,	7,506,856
1839,	3,282,440
In all	\$24,417,572

A Curious Grist Mill.—A down east paper tells the following story of a Yankee who emigrated some twenty years ago to Illinois, devising the following ingenious substitute for a grist mill. At the foot of a fall in a small stream, he drove down a small stick, leaving about four feet above ground. In the crotch of this stick he placed another horizontally about eight feet long, to one end of which he fixed a pestle, and on the other a bucket. The water from the fall filled the bucket, carrying that down and raising the pestle. Near the ground he had driven a peg, upon which one side of the bucket would strike, capsize, and empty itself letting the pestle fall into a large Indian mortar, containing the corn. In that way he ground all the corn he used. One day, on returning from his work to his mortar, he found an addition to the stock he put there, in the shape of a raccoon, which was pounded up, hide, hair, and bones, with the corn, to a similitude, in consistency to work house soup. The coon not observing any thing to interfere with his intentions in reference to the corn, or not understanding the unintermitting operation of the machinery put in motion by natural agent, perched himself upon the mortar, meditating a delicious luncheon upon the provender, so providentially fell in with, when the pestle in the even tenor of its vibration put an end to his meditation by knocking him on the cranium. Illustrating in a signal manner the uncertainty of all earthly calculations.—N. Y. Whig.

A Negro with the Blues.—"I say Sam Jonsing, what for you look so sober dis morning? You most usually ollers a larfin, but now you face looks as gloomified and brack as dis last spell of wedder."

"Wy, child, I feels bad—I've got what de white folks calls de blues, and de wus sort as dat, dats what I has, Pete Gumbo."

"De what you call'em, Sam?"

"De blues—de raal indigo blues."

"Dars whar you corner dis child, Sam; you's ahead ob me dis time. Now if it don't make any tetral difference to you I'd like to hear you explainly wat dis blues is."

"Wy, wy, Pete you dont know notin. I tort you'd more acquaintance wid de fleshy ob de human mind. Well, you see, when a man's got de blues he looks forward into de common footoority jest as though he wos gwine to draw a blank in de big lottery—he feels like as if all de delightshum prises in dis low down seene hadn't a single number en'em. When he gets up in de morn he feels bad and when he goes to bed at night he feels wusser. He tinks dat his body is made ob ice cream, all eeght his heart, and dat's a big piece ob lead in de middle. All sorts ob sights hubbering around, and red monkeys buzzing about his ears. Dar, dems what I got now, and dems wat I calls de blues. How you like'em Pete?"

"Thank you, Sam, dis child don't wish for one, not if dats de sort."

A Parson's Tougner.—Old Parson M. of—Worcester county, used sometimes to be absent on a missionary tour. Once on a time, having just returned from one of these excursions, he found his congregation quite, drowsy, and wishing to wake them up, he broke off in the midst of his sermon, and began to tell them what wonderful things he had seen in York State; among other wonders, he said he had seen monstrous great mosquitoes—so large that many of them would weigh a pound!—"The people by this time was wide awake. "Yes, continued parson, M., "and moreover they are often known to climb trees and bark!"

"The next day one of the deacons called upon him telling him that many of the brethren were much scandalized at the stories he told the day before. "What stories?" says Parson M. "Why sir you said that the mosquitoes in York State were so large that many of them would weigh a pound!"—"Well," rejoined the minister, "I do really think that a great many of them would weigh a pound." "But," continues the deacon, "you also said that they would climb up on trees and bark!" "Well, sir," says Parson M., "as to their climbing up on trees, I have seen them do that—hav'n't you, deacon?" "O yes." Well how could they climb on the trees and not on the bark?" The deacon was of course nonplused.

Art of living happy.—The following maxims or rules might, if strictly observed, go far to increase the happiness or at least diminish the inquietude and miseries of human life.

Observe inviolably truth in your words, and integrity in your actions.

Accustom yourself to temperance, and be master of your passions.

Be not too much out of humor with the world; but remember it is a world of God's creating; and however sadly it is marred with wickedness and folly, yet you have found in it more comforts than calamities, more civilities than affronts, more instances of kindness towards you than cruelty.

Try to spend your time usefully, both to yourself and others.

Be it rather your ambition to acquit yourself well in your proper station than to raise above it.

A Quick Trip.—The steamboat Queen of the West recently made a very short trip from Cincinnati to New Orleans and back. The Gazette say:

The Queen was four days and six hours on her way from Louisville to New Orleans and six days and twelve hours on her return. Her entire trip from Cincinnati to New Orleans and back, was made in fourteen days and twenty two hours.

JOB PRINTING.
of all descriptions, executed at this office.